

The Laurel and Gold Series

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

Keats.



General Editor
John R. Crossland

The Laurel and Gold Series

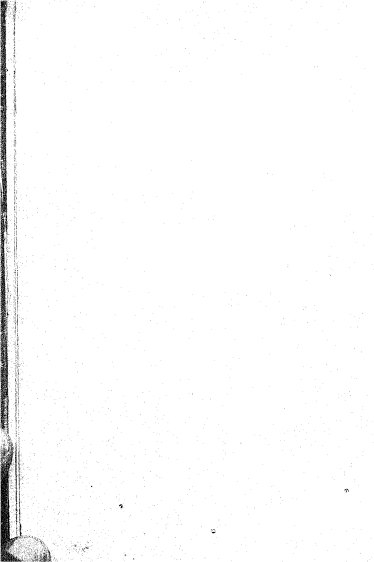
Laurel and Gold

□
An
Anthology of Poetry

□
Compiled by
John R. Crossland



Collins' Clear-Type Press



DEDICATION

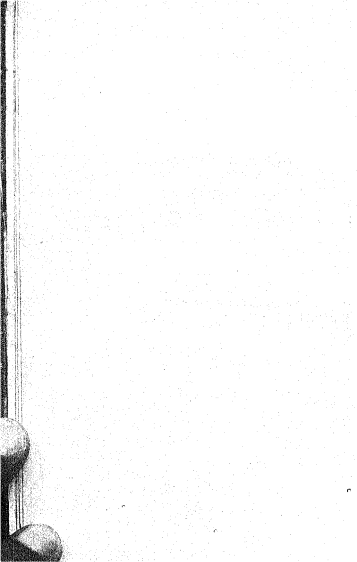
TO THE CHILDREN

*Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.*

*For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?*

*Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said :
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.*

Longfellow.



PREFACE

POETRY is the language of childhood, for the first connected language a child hears is the sung rhyme, from the lips of a crooning mother. So the metrical flow of language at the most receptive age of the human life is one of the most necessary and enjoyable gifts we can bestow on youth.

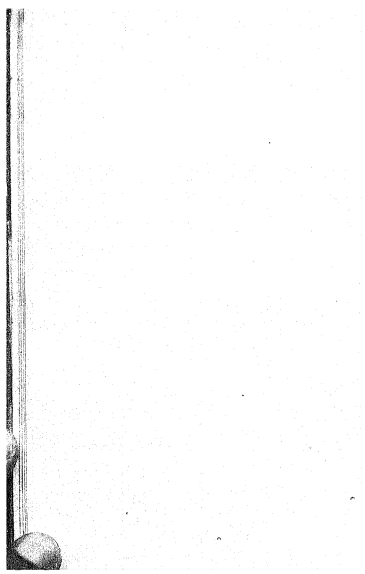
The verses chosen for the present anthology are those to which children have been known to react favourably during one's long association with the teaching of English in school.

The collection is primarily designed to bring joy and appreciation to children of the ages of ten to fifteen. It is hoped, however, that older students will find its contents helpful and enjoyable.

One would gratefully acknowledge the assistance rendered by Alfred Noyes, Esq., C.B.E., Litt.D., whose suggestions regarding the contents of this book were of great value. Especial thanks are due to Mr. Noyes for his own choice of his poems to be included in this anthology.

J. R. C.

1931



CONTENTS

SECTION I

		PAGE
NORTHERN SEAS	<i>Wm. Howitt</i>	17
THE WINDMILL	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	19
BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS	<i>C. Rossetti</i>	20
ROBIN HOOD	<i>T. L. Peacock</i>	21
A DUTCH PICTURE	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	23
TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	26
PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY!	<i>T. Heywood</i>	28
LITTLE TROTTY WAGTAIL	<i>J. Clare</i>	29
THE NIGHT BIRD	<i>C. Kingsley</i>	30
THE OWL	<i>A. Tenryson</i>	31
THE WHITE SEA-GULL	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	31
THE TIGER	<i>Wm. Blake</i>	32
THE LAMB	<i>Wm. Blake</i>	34
THE SAGE'S PIGTAIL	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	34
AUVERGNAT	<i>Hilaire Belloc</i>	36
TOPSY-TURVEY WORLD	<i>Wm. B. Rands</i>	37
GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING	<i>Lord Houghton</i>	38
STALKY JACK	<i>Wm. B. Rands</i>	39
REEDS OF INNOCENCE	<i>Wm. Blake</i>	40
BEFORE THE PALING OF THE STARS	<i>C. Rossetti</i>	41
MEG MERRILIES	<i>John Keats</i>	42
THE LITTLE BLACK BOY	<i>Wm. Blake</i>	44
NURSE'S SONG	<i>Wm. Blake</i>	46
POLLY	<i>Wm. B. Rands</i>	47
LITTLE BOY BLUE	<i>Eugene Field</i>	50
THE BLIND BOY	<i>Colley Cibber</i>	51
THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG	<i>John Bunyan</i>	52

LULLABY	<i>Thomas Dekker</i>	53
A LULLABY	<i>Laurence Binyon</i>	53
SWEET AND LOW	<i>A. Tennyson</i>	54
A FAREWELL	<i>C. Kingsley</i>	56
GOOD NIGHT	<i>J. Baillie</i>	57
WRITTEN IN MARCH	<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	58
PIPPA'S SONG	<i>R. Browning</i>	59
THE VOICE OF SPRING	<i>M. Howitt</i>	59
SPRING	<i>T. Nash</i>	60
SUMMER	<i>C. Rossetti</i>	61
SEPTEMBER	<i>M. Howitt</i>	62
THE DORMOUSE	<i>M. Howitt</i>	63
THE SOUND OF THE WIND	<i>C. Rossetti</i>	65
I'M A ROVER	<i>G. Darley</i>	66
THE LIGHT-HEARTED FAIRY	<i>Anon.</i>	66
THE COLOURS	<i>C. Rossetti</i>	68
QUEEN MAB	<i>T. Hood</i>	68
MY GARDEN	<i>T. Moore</i>	69
FAIRY REVELS	<i>G. Darley</i>	70
THE HUNTER	<i>John Sterling</i>	72
LEISURE	<i>W. H. Davies</i>	73
PLUMP LITTLE BABY CLOUDS	<i>Anon.</i>	74
I'VE BEEN ROAMING	<i>G. Darley</i>	75
BED-TIME	<i>T. Hood</i>	75

SECTION II

DAYBREAK	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	78
TO-DAY	<i>T. Carlyle</i>	79
FIRST SPRING MORNING	<i>R. Bridges</i>	80
APRIL	<i>John Keats</i>	81
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	82

Contents

		13
		PAGE
THE IVY GREEN	<i>C. Dickens</i>	84
HIAWATHA GOES HUNTING	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	85
AT KEW	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	88
THE RIVER	<i>C. Kingsley</i>	90
THE DAFFODILS	<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	91
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR	<i>T. Moore</i>	92
ECHO SONG	<i>A. Tennyson</i>	93
TO DAFFODILS	<i>R. Herrick</i>	94
THE FOUNTAIN	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	95
SKYLARK	<i>F. Tennyson</i>	96
THE RAINBOW	<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	97
THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET	<i>John Keats</i>	98
TO A SEA-BIRD	<i>Bret Harte</i>	98
THE OUTLAW	<i>Walter Scott</i>	100
TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON	<i>Wm. Morris</i>	102
THE TWO BROTHERS	<i>C. T. Turner</i>	104
THE REAPER	<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	106
MY EARLY HOME	<i>J. Clare</i>	107
A VISION OF CHILDREN	<i>T. Ashe</i>	108
I MET AT EVE	<i>W. de la Mare</i>	110
SHERWOOD	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	111
LE BELLE DAME SANS MERCI	<i>John Keats</i>	115
LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON	<i>James Hogg</i>	117
LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORREE	<i>C. Kingsley</i>	119
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER	<i>T. Hood</i>	121
THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE	<i>W. Thornbury</i>	123
A PLAIN DIRECTION	<i>T. Hood</i>	124
THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE	<i>H. Newbolt</i>	126
THE TARRY BUCCANEER	<i>J. Masfield</i>	128

		PAGE
THE SECRET OF THE SEA	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	130
OVER THE SEA TO SKYE	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	131
THE BANKS O' DOON	<i>R. Burns</i>	132
THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE	<i>W. B. Yeats</i>	133
THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND	<i>S. Ferguson</i>	134
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK	<i>A. Tennyson</i>	135
ELDORADO	<i>E. A. Poe</i>	136

SECTION III

PROLOGUE	<i>T. Ashe</i>	137
MARCHING ALONG	<i>R. Browning</i>	137
THE TROOPER'S DITTY	<i>W. Motherwell</i>	139
HUNTING SONG	<i>Walter Scott</i>	141
A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON	<i>H. Newbolt</i>	142
THE SOUTH COUNTRY	<i>Hilaire Belloc</i>	146
FORGOTTEN	<i>Will. H. Ogilvie</i>	148
THE CHILDREN'S SONG	<i>R. Kipling</i>	150
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS	<i>T. Moore</i>	152
GATHERING SONG OF DONALD		
THE BLACK	<i>Walter Scott</i>	153
THE CAVALIER	<i>Walter Scott</i>	155
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS	<i>R. Burns</i>	157
A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR		
HIS HOUSE	<i>R. Herrick</i>	158
THE HARPER	<i>T. Campbell</i>	160
UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE	<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	161
PATTY OF THE VALE	<i>John Clare</i>	162
ABOU BEN ADHEM	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>	163
PSALM XCI	—	164
I SAW A NEW WORLD	<i>Wm. B. Rands</i>	166
THE RIVER OF LIFE	<i>T. Campbell</i>	167

Contents

	PAGE
THE SKYLARK	<i>J. Hogg</i> 15
THE SWIMMER	<i>Byron</i> 168
THE JUGGLERS	<i>John Gay</i> 169
THE LAST BUCCANEER	<i>C. Kingsley</i> 170
THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 173
THE NECKAN	<i>M. Arnold</i> 175
FATHER WILLIAM	<i>Lewis Carroll</i> 180
THE SONG OF THE BOW	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i> 183
THE SHAN VAN VOCHT	<i>Anon.</i> 185
THE TREE	<i>Lady Winchilsea</i> 186
STRAWBERRY HILL	<i>Wm. Pulteney</i> 189
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE	<i>C. Marlowe</i> 191
A DAY OF SUNSHINE	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 192
THE CHILDREN DANCING	<i>Laurence Binyon</i> 194
AUTUMN	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 195
ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND	<i>C. Kingsley</i> 196
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND	<i>Wm. Shakespeare</i> 198

SECTION IV

RIOUPEROUX	<i>J. E. Flecker</i> 203
IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND	<i>J. Milton</i> 204
AND DID THOSE FEET	<i>Wm. Blake</i> 205
I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY	<i>C. Spring-Rice</i> 206
LONDON SNOW	<i>R. Bridges</i> 207
THE BELLS	<i>E. A. Poe</i> 209
LOCH INA	<i>Anon.</i> 213
ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE	<i>J. Keats</i> 215
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD	<i>A. Tennyson</i> 219
SHAKESPEARE	<i>M. Arnold</i> 222

	PAGE
O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN	<i>W. Whitman</i> 223
DEATH AND THE DOCTOR	<i>D. Garrick</i> 225
THE DOCTOR'S ARMS	<i>R. Graves</i> 226
ON WIT	<i>Anon.</i> 226
LITERATURE	<i>S. Daniel</i> 227
GLORY	<i>Byron</i> 227
MAN HIS OWN STAR	<i>J. Fletcher</i> 228
BRITAIN—TO THE EMPIRE (1924)	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 228
SOLDIER, REST !	<i>Walter Scott</i> 231
FOR THE FALLEN	<i>Laurence Binyon</i> 233
HAPPY INSENSIBILITY	<i>John Keats</i> 235
THE HAPPY MAN	<i>A. Hammond</i> 236
A HAPPY LIFE	<i>Wm. Shakespeare</i> 236
O SWEET CONTENT	<i>T. Dekker</i> 238
THE WEST WIND	<i>J. Masfield</i> 239
ODE TO AUTUMN	<i>John Keats</i> 241
THE HUMAN SEASONS	<i>John Keats</i> 242
CARGOES	<i>J. Masfield</i> 243
HORRIBLE EXPERIENCES AT SEA	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 245
WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS	<i>J. E. Flecker</i> 247
ODE TO THE WEST WIND	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 249
ODE ON THE POETS	<i>John Keats</i> 252
ODE ON SOLITUDE	<i>A. Pope</i> 253
LETTY'S GLOBE	<i>C. T. Turner</i> 254
PSALM XXXIII	— 256
ON HIS BLINDNESS	<i>J. Milton</i> 258
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD	<i>T. Gray</i> 259
FROM "IN MEMORIAM"	<i>A. Tennyson</i> 266
THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL	<i>H. Newbolt</i> 271

SECTION I

NORTHERN SEAS

Up ! Up ! let us a voyage take,
Why sit we here at ease ?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights
With their rushing splendours fly,
Like living things, with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall ;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs
Like lonely voices call.

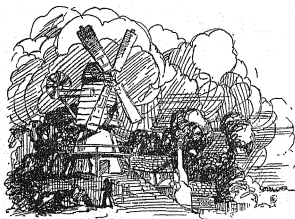
There shall we see the fierce white bear ;
The sleepy seals aground ;
And the spouting whales, that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide ;
Perfect as when, in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

And whilst the setting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl ;
And away to the Northern isles of mist,
To rouse the Northern fowl.

WILLIAM HOWITT.



THE WINDMILL

Behold ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower.
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors,
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;
Church-going bells begin
Their low melodious din ;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas ;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please ;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ROBIN HOOD

Bold Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry
down !

And of two gray friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“ Good morrow, good brothers,” said bold
Robin Hood,
“ And what make you in the good greenwood,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry
down ?

Now give me, I pray you, wine and food ;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.”

“ Good brother,” they said, “ we would give
you full fain
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry
down ! ”

“ Then give me some money,” said bold
Robin Hood ;

“ For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.”

"No money have we, good brother," said they :

"Then," said he, "we three for money will pray :

Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !

And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer

We three holy friars will piously share,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."

"We will not pray with thee, good brother,
God wot :

For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !"

Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,

All on the fallen leaves so brown.

The gray friars prayed with a doleful face.
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,

Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !

And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he took,

And from it a hundred good angels he shook,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“The saints,” said bold Robin, “have
harkened our prayer,
And here’s a good angel apiece for your share—
If more you would have, you must win ere
you wear—

Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry
down !”

Then he blew his good horn with a musical
cheer,

And fifty green bowmen came trooping full
near,

And away the gray friars they bounded like
deer,

All on the fallen leaves so brown.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

A DUTCH PICTURE

Simon Danz has come home again,

From cruising about with his buccaneers ;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.



In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night ;
Figures in colour and design
Like those of Rembrandt of the Rhine
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro ;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
" Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou here ?
Come forth and follow me ! "

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To sing the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

I fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet,
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poet's rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY !

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day !
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast !
Sing, birds, in every furrow !
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LITTLE TROTTY WAGTAIL

Little trotty wagtail, he went in the rain,
And twittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got
straight again.

He stooped to get a worm, and looked up to
get a fly,
And then he flew away ere his feathers they
were dry.

Little trotty wagtail, he waddled in the mud,
And left his little footmarks, trample where he
would,

He waddled in the water-pudge, and waggle
went his tail,
And chirrupt up his wings to dry upon the
garden rail.

Little trotty wagtail, you nimble all about,
And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle
in and out ;

Your home is high at hand, and in the warm
pig-sty,

So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a good-
bye.

JOHN CLARE.

THE NIGHT BIRD

A-floating, a-floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

“ Oh, come you off the isles of Greece,
Or off the banks of Seine,
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main ? ”

“ I come not off the old world,
Nor yet from off the new—
But I am one of the birds of God,
Which sing the whole night through.”

“ Oh, sing, and wake the dawning—
Oh, whistle for the wind ;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind.”

“ The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new,
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow
Ere thou hast sailed them through.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE OWL

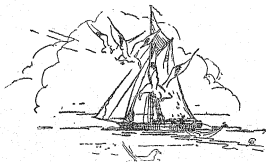
When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round :
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay :
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE WHITE SEA-GULL

The white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull !
A joyful bird is he,
As he lies like a cradled thing at rest
In the arms of a sunny sea !
The little waves wash to and fro,
And the white gull lies asleep ;



As the fisher's boat, with breeze and tide,
Goes merrily over the deep,
The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by ;
And her people stand to note
How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves,
As still as an anchored boat.
The sea is fresh, and the sea is fair,
And the sky calm overhead ;
And the sea-gull lies on the deep, deep sea,
Like a king in his royal bed !

MARY HOWITT.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?
Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee :
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee !
Little lamb, God bless thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE SAGE'S PIGTAIL

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found ;
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round ;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist and twirl and tack,
Alas ! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

W. M. THACKERAY.



AUVERGNAT

There was a man was half a clown
 (It's so my father tells of it),
He saw the church in Clermont Town,
 And laughed to hear the bells of it.

He laughed to hear the bells that ring
 In Clermont Church and round of it ;
He heard the verger's daughter sing,
 And loved her for the sound of it.

The verger's daughter said him nay
 (She had the right of choice in it) ;
He left the town at break of day
 (He hadn't had a voice in it).

The road went up, the road went down,
 And there the matter ended it ;
He broke his heart in Clermont Town,
 At Pontgibaud they mended it.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

TOPSY-TURVEY WORLD

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine ;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine ;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse ;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby,
To a gipsy for half a crown ;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady—
The world would be Upside-down !
If any of all these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-out !

(Chorus)

Ba-baa black wool,
Have you any sheep ?
Yes, sir, a pack-full,
Creep, mouse, creep !
Four-and-twenty little maids
Hanging out the pie,
Out jumped the honey-pot,
Guy-Fawkes, Guy !

Cross latch, cross latch,
Sit and spin the fire,
When the pie was opened,
The bird was on the brier !

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, " Dear Work, Good Night ! Good
Night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed ;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things, Good Night ! Good
Night ! "

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed ;
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the
road ;

All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
" Good little girl, Good Night ! Good Night ! "

She did not say to the sun, " Good Night ! "
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay
She knew nothing more till again it was day :
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
“ Good Morning ! Good Morning ! our work
is begun ! ”

LORD HOUGHTON.

STALKY JACK

I knew a boy who took long walks,
Who lived on beans and ate the stalks ;
To the Giant's Country he lost his way ;
They kept him there for a year and a day,
But he has not been the same boy since ;
An alteration he did evince ;
For you may suppose that he underwent
A change in his notions of extent !

He looks with contempt on a nice high door,
And tries to walk in at the second floor ;
He stares with surprise at a basin of soup,
He fancies a bowl as large as a hoop ;
He calls the people minikin mites ;
He calls a sirloin a couple of bites !
Things having come to these pretty passes,
They bought him some magnifying glasses.

He put on the goggles, and said, " My eyes !
The world has come to its proper size ! "
But all the boys cry " Stalky John !
There you go with your goggles on ! "
What girl would marry him—and *quite* right—
To be taken for three times her proper height ?
So this comes of taking extravagant walks,
And living on beans and eating the stalks !

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDB.

REEDS OF INNOCENCE

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

" Pipe a song about a lamb ! "
So I piped with merry cheer.
" Piper, pipe that song again ; "
So I piped : he wept to hear.

" Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ; "
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanish’d from my sight,
And I pluck’d a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stain’d the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BEFORE THE PALING OF THE STARS

Before the paling of the stars,
Before the winter morn,
Before the earliest cockcrow,
Jesus Christ was born :
Born in a stable,
Cradled in a manger,
In the world His hands had made
Born a stranger.

Priest and king lay fast asleep
In Jerusalem,
Young and old lay fast asleep
In crowded Bethlehem ;
Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
Kept a watch together,
Before the Christmas daybreak
In the winter weather.



Jesus on His Mother's breast
In the stable cold,
Spotless Lamb of God was He,
Shepherd of the fold :
Let us kneel with Mary maid,
With Joseph bent and hoary,
With Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
To hail the King of Glory.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MEG MERRILIES

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors :
Her bed it was the brown heath turf.
Her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.



Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees ;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But, every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown,
She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon ;
An old red blanket cloak she wore ;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long ago !

JOHN KEATS.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white !
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kisséd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say :

“ Look on the rising sun : there God does
live,
And gives His light and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men re-
ceive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For, when our souls have learned the heat to
bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His
voice,
Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my love
and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs
rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kisséd me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud
free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we
joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the
green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is
gone down,
And the dews of night arise ;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep ;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades
away
And then go home to bed."
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed
And all the hills echoed.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

POLLY

Brown eyes,
Straight nose ;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes ;

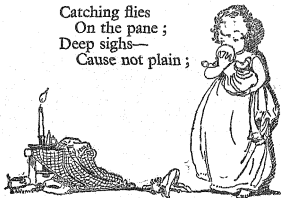


Torn books,
Spoilt toys ;
Arch looks
Unlike a boy's ;

Little rages,
Obvious arts
(Three her age is) ;
Cakes, tarts ;

Falling down
Off chairs ;
Breaking crown
Down stairs ;

Catching flies
On the pane ;
Deep sighs—
Cause not plain ;



Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses ;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
“ Mercy’s sake,
Quiet, dear ! ”

New shoes,
New frock ;
Vague views
Of what’s o’clock

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said ;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away ;
Yet may God
Hear her pray !

Bedgown white—
Kiss dolly
Good-night !—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep
As you see ;
Heaven keep
My girl for me.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our little boy blue
Kissed them, and put them there.

“Now don’t you go till I come,” he said,
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little boy blue.
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to little boy blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face ;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years
through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little boy blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE BLIND BOY

O say, what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight ?
O, tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep, or play ;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe :
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy :
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy !

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much :
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage :
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

JOHN BUNYAN.

LULLABY

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise !
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

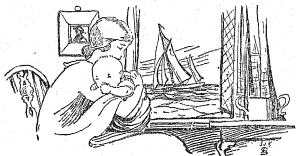
A LULLABY

Sleep, sleep, on Mother's breast,
Child, my child !
Close within my arms be pressed.
O the world is vast and wild,
Filled with hurt and war and cries !
Under my eyes close your eyes,
On my breast rest and nest.

Sleep come soft as water flows,
Eyes close bind !
Gentle Sleep that never grows
Old, indifferent, or unkind.
O but Sleep can never hold you
As my arms, my darling, fold you,
Fold you close, fold you close.

Sleep can take you far away,
Little heart !
O but in my heart you stay,
From my heart you cannot part.
Though the world you wandered, Sweet,
From my heart those little feet
Never stray, night or day.

LAURENCE BINYON.



SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea ;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty
one, sleeps.



"Silver sails all out of the west."

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest.
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon ;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
 one, sleep. LORD TENNYSON.

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
 For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
 Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy
 down ;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
 Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be
 clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day
 long ;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For
 Ever,
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

GOOD-NIGHT

The sun is down, the day gone by,
The stars are twinkling in the sky.
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out a blithe but stinted day !
The hours have passed with stealthy flight ;
We needs must part ; good-night, good-night !

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansman in the heathered hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all ;
We part in hopes of days as bright
As this gone by ; good-night, good-night !

Sweet sleep be with us one and all !
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight !
Gay dreams to all ! good-night ! good-night !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

*(While resting on the bridge at the foot of
Brother's Water)*

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon :
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PIPPA'S SONG

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world !

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I am coming, I am coming !—
Hark ! the little bee is humming.
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky ;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen ;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark ! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd ;
All the birds are singing loud ;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee—look around !
Flowers in all the fields abound ;
Every running stream is bright ;
All the orchard trees are white ;
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food—
Pour thy soul in gratitude !

MARY HOWITT.

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in
a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all
day,

And we hear aye birds tune their merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our
feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

Spring ! the sweet Spring !

T. NASH.

SUMMER

Winter is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weather-cock
Blown every way :
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree ;

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat-fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side.

And blue-black beetles transact business,
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town ;
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

SEPTEMBER

There are twelve months throughout the year,
From January to December—
And the primeest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September !
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful days of September !

There are flowers enough in the summer-time,
More flowers than I can remember—
But none with the purple, gold, and red
That dyes the flowers of September !
The gorgeous flowers of September !
And the sun looks through :
A clearer blue,
And the moon at night
Sheds a clearer light
On the beautiful flowers of September.

MARY HOWITT.

THE DORMOUSE

The little Dormouse is tawny red ;
He makes against winter a nice snug bed ;
He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
Where the plants in summer grow tall and
rank ;
Away from the light, far underground,
His sleep through winter is quiet and sound ;
And when all above him freezes and snows,
What is it to him, for he naught of it knows ?
And till the cold time of the winter is gone,
The little Dormouse keeps sleeping on.
But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the
spring,
When the green leaves bud, and the merry
birds sing,
And the dread of the winter is over and past,



The little Dormouse peeps out at last.
Out of his snug, quiet burrow he wends,
And looks all about for his neighbours and
friends ;

Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,
“ ’Tis a beautiful day, for the first day of
March !

The violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear ;
The lark is upspringing, his carol I hear ;
And in the green fields are the lamb and the
foal ;

I am glad I’m not sleeping now down in my
hole ! ”

Then away he runs in his merry mood,
Over the fields and into the wood,
To find any grain there may chance to be,
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree.
So, from early morning till late at night,
Has this poor little creature its own delight,
Looking down to the earth and up to the sky,
Thinking, "Ah! what a happy Dormouse
am I!"

MARY HOWITT.

THE SOUND OF THE WIND

The wind has such a rainy sound
Moaning through the town,
The sea has such a windy sound—
Will the ships go down?

The apples in the orchard
Tumble from their tree—
Oh, will the ships go down, go down,
In the windy sea?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I'M A ROVER

I'm a rover ! I'm a rover
Of the greenwood and the glade !
And I'll teach you to discover
Every Beauty of the shade !

I'm a rover ! I'm a rover
Of the woodland and the dell !
And I know the leafy cover
Where the maiden-roses dwell !

I'm a rover ! I'm a rover !
Where her couch the lily keeps ;
And I'll bring you slily over—
You may kiss her as she sleeps !

I'm a rover ! I'm a rover !
Where the cowslip quaffs the dew,
Where the bee delights to hover,
Come ! I'll choose a cup for you !

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED FAIRY

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light-hearted fairy ? heigh ho,
Heigh ho !
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho !
As the light-headed fairy ? heigh ho !

Heigh ho !

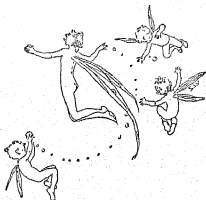
His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips
With a hey and a heigh and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light-footed fairy ? heigh ho !

Heigh ho !

The night is his noon
And the sun is his moon
With a hey and a heigh and a ho !

ANON.



THE COLOURS

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? A swan is white,
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange—
Just an orange!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

QUEEN MAB

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from left to right
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things—
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish ;

Of arbours filled with dainty scents,
From lovely flowers that never fade ;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales ;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

THOMAS HOOD.

MY GARDEN

I have a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue ;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you :
And there the golden bees shall come
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum,
Around the Silea's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nursed ;
And you shall feed him from your hand
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies,
For shelter in the noontide heat ;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silvery feet.

THOMAS MOORE.

FAIRY REVELS

Have you not oft, in the still wind,
Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,
That rose one moment, and then fell
Swooning away like a far knell ?
Listen !—that wave of perfume broke
Into sea-music, as I spoke,
Fainter than that which seems to roar
On the moon's silver-sanded shore,
When through the silence of the night
Is heard the ebb and flow of light.
O shut the eye, and ope the ear !
Do you not hear, or think you hear,
A wide hush o'er the woodland pass
Like distant waving fields of grass ?—
Voices !—ho ! ho !—a band is coming
Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,
Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen.

Red-men, and blue-men, and buff-men, small,
Loud-mouth'd captains, and ensigns tall,
Grenadiers, light bobs, inch-people all,
They come ! they come ! with martial blore
Clearing a terrible path before ;
Ruffle the high-peak'd flags i' the wind,
Mourn the long-answering trumpets behind
Telling how deep the close files are—
Make way for the stalwart sons of war !
Hurrah ! the bluff-cheek'd bugle band,
Each with a loud reed in his hand !
Hurrah ! the pattering company,
Each with a drum-bell at his knee !
Hurrah ! the sash-capt cymbal swingers !
Hurrah ! the klinge-klangle ringers !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the elf-knights enter,
Each with his grasshopper at a canter !
His tough spear of a wild oat made,
His good sword of a grassy blade,
His buckram suit of shining laurel,
His shield of bark, emboss'd with coral ;
See how the plummy champion keeps
His proud steed clambering on his hips,
With foaming jaw pinn'd to his breast ;
Blood-rolling eyes, and arched crest ;
Over his and his rider's head
A broad-sheet butterfly banner spread
Swoops round the staff in varying form,
Flouts the soft breeze, but courts the storm.
Hard on the prancing heel of these

Come on the pigmy Thyades ;
Mimics, and mummers, masqueraders,
Soft flutists, and sweet serenaders
Guitarring o'er the level green,
Or tapping the parch'd tambourine,
As swaying to, and swaying fro,
Over the stooping flow'rs they go,
That laugh within their greeny breasts
To feel such light feet on their crests,
And ev'n themselves a-dancing seem
Under the weight that presses them.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE HUNTER

Merrily winds the hunter's horn,
And loud the ban of dogs replying,
When before the shout of the fleet-foot morn,
The shadows of the night are flying.

Sullen the boar in the deep green wood,
And proud the stag that roams the forest,
And noble the steed with his warlike blood,
That exults when the toil is sorest.

Fair is the land of hill and plain,
And lonesome dells in misty mountains ;
And the crags where eagles in tempest reign,
And swan-loved lakes and fountains.

These are the joys that hunters find,
Whate'er the sky that's bending o'er them,
When they leave their cares on their beds
behind,
And earth is all fresh before them.

Day ever chases away the night,
And wind pursues the waves of ocean,
And the stars are brother-like hunters bright,
And all is in ceaseless motion.

Life is a chase, and so 'tis joy,
And hope foretells the hunter's morrow ;
'Tis the skill of man and the bliss of boy
To gallop away from sorrow.

JOHN STERLING.

LEISURE

What is this life, if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare ?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

W. H. DAVIES.

PLUMP LITTLE BABY CLOUDS

Plump little baby clouds,
Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air-cradles,
Swinging aloft.

Snowy cloud mothers,
With broad bosom white,
Watch o'er the baby clouds
Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds
Dreaming of fears,
Turn in their air-cradles,
Dropping soft tears.

Great snowy mother clouds,
Brooding o'er all,
Let their warm mother tears
Tenderly fall.

ANONYMOUS.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming !
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming !
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming !
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming !
Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
To my bower back again !

GEORGE DARLEY.

BED-TIME

The evening is coming,
The sun sinks to rest,
The rooks are all flying
Straight home to the nest.

“Caw !” says the rook, as he flies overhead,
“It's time little people were going to bed !”



The flowers are closing :
The daisy's asleep,
The primrose is buried
In slumber so deep.

Shut up for the night is the pimpernel red ;
It's time little people were going to bed !

The butterfly, drowsy,
Has folded its wing ;
The bees are returning,
No more the birds sing.

Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed ;
It's time little people were going to bed !

Here comes the pony,
His work is all done,
Down through the meadow
He takes a good run.

Up go his heels, and down goes his head ;
It's time little people were going to bed !

Good-night, little people,
Good-night and good-night :
Sweet dreams to your eyelids
Till dawning of light ;
The evening has come, there's no more to be
said :
It's time little people were going to bed !

THOMAS HOOD.





SECTION II

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TO-DAY

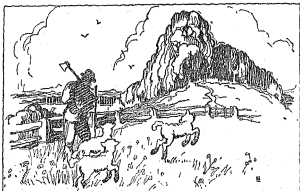
So here hath been dawning
Another blue Day :
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did :
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day :
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



FIRST SPRING MORNING

Look ! Look ! the spring is come :
O feel the gentle air,
That wanders thro' the boughs to burst
The thick buds everywhere !
The birds are glad to see
The high unclouded sun :
Winter is fled away, they sing,
The gay time is begun.

Adown the meadows green
Let us go dance and play,
And look for violets in the lane,
And ramble far away
To gather primroses,
That in the woodland grow,
And hunt for oxlips, or if yet
The blades of bluebells show :

There the old woodman gruff
Hath half the coppice cut,
And weaves the hurdles all day long
Beside his willow hut.
We'll steal on him, and then
Startle him, all with glee
Singing our song of winter fled
And summer soon to be.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

APRIL

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new
shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they
slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there
crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

There was wide wandering for the greediest
eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never-ending :
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh them-
selves.

JOHN KEATS.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river !)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the
reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE IVY GREEN

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he steals on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he ;
How closely he twineth, how close he clings
To his friend the huge Oak-tree !
And sliely he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green !

CHARLES DICKENS.

HIAWATHA GOES HUNTING

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them.
Called them " Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers,"
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha ;
" Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers ! "

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! "
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! "

Up the oak-tree, close behind him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
" Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! "

And the rabbit from his pathway

Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches.
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like a birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed the arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;

Ah ! the singing fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet to his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AT KEW

*Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in
lilac-time :*

*Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London !)*

*And you shall wander hand-in-hand with love
in summer's wonderland :*

*Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London !)*

The cherry trees are seas of bloom, and soft
perfume, and sweet perfume,
The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and Oh !
so near to London !)
And there they say, when dawn is high, and
all the world's a blaze of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a
song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare, and yet they
say you'll hear him there,
At Kew, at Kew, in lilac-time (and oh ! so
near to London !)
The linnet and the throstle too, and after
dark the long halloo,
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that
ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that
isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew, in lilac-time (and oh ! so
near to London !)
And when the rose begins to pout, and all the
chestnut spires are out,
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all
chorusing for London :

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
in lilac-time :*

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far
from London !)*

*And you shall wander hand-in-hand with love in
summer's wonderland :*

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far
from London !)*

ALFRED NOYES.

THE RIVER

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-deiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and
child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood gates are open, away to the sea,
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned
again.

Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. WORDSWORTH.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to
thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning
west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of
rest.

TOM MOORE.

ECHO SONG

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

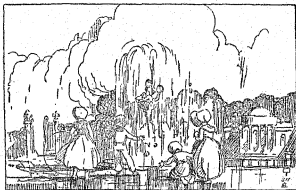
LORD TENNYSON.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.



THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine, full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing from morn till night !
 Into the moonlight, whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like when the winds blow !
 Into the starlight, rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight, happy by day !
 Ever in motion, blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward, never aweary ;
 Glad of all weathers, still seeming best,
 Upward or downward motion thy rest.
 Full of a nature nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment, ever the same.
 Ceaseless aspiring, ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine thy element.
 Glorious fountain ! Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant, upward like thee !

J. R. LOWELL.

SKYLARK

How the blythe Lark runs up the golden stair
That leans thro' cloudy gates from Heaven
to Earth,

And all alone in the empyreal air
Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth ;
How far he seems, how far
With the light upon his wings,
Is it a bird, or star
That shines, and sings ?

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drown'd ;
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers
As tho' the stormy drops were turn'd to
sound ;
And now he issues thro',
He scales a cloudy tower,
Faintly like falling dew
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hush'd, that I may hear
The wondrous things he tells the world
below,
Things that we dream of he is watching near,
Hopes that we never dream'd he would
bestow ;

Alas ! the storm hath roll'd
Back the gold gates again,
Or surely he had told
All Heaven to men !

Singing thou scalest Heaven upon thy wings,
Thou liftest a glad heart into the skies ;
He maketh his own sunrise, while he sings,
And turns the dusty Earth to Paradise ;
I see thee sail along
Far up the sunny streams,
Unseen, I hear his song,
I see his dreams.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man :
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot
sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
mead ;

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with
fun

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there
shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

TO A SEA-BIRD

Sauntering hither on listless wings,

Careless vagabond of the sea,

Little thou heedest the surf that sings,

The bar that thunders, the shale that rings—

Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new ;
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee ;
Sick I am of these changes too ;
Little to care for, little to rue—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
Bring thee at last to shore and me ;
All of my journeyings end them here,
This our tether must be our cheer—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
Something in common, old friend, have we ;
Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

BRET HARTE.



THE OUTLAW

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily :

“ O Brignall Banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.”

“ If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May.”

Yet sung she, “ Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O ! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May !

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die !
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I !

And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough—
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

Chorus

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE
MOON

There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and slim and tall ;
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

There was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry ;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Yet none the more he stopped at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall ;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be met,
He rode on the spur till the next warm noon—
Two red roses across the moon.

But the battle was scattered from hill to hill,
From the windmill to the watermill ;
And he said to himself, as it neared the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

You scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe ;
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Verily then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue ;
And they cried, as they cut them down at the
noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

I trow he stopped when he rode again
By the hall ; though draggled sore with the
rain ;
And his lips were pinched to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon.

Under the may she stooped to the crown,
All was gold, there was nothing of brown ;
And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE TWO BROTHERS

'Twas just when harvest-tide was gone,
In Haroun's golden days ;
When deeds in love and honour done
Were blest with royal praise :

Two equal heirs of perch and rood,
Two brothers, woke and said—
As each upon the other's good
Bethought him in his bed ;

The elder spoke unto his wife,
“ Our brother dwells alone,
No little babes to cheer his life.
And helpmate hath he none :

“ Up let us get and of our heap
A shock bestow or twain,
The while he lieth sound asleep
And wots not of his gain.”

So up they got, and did address
Themselves with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To do the gracious deed.

Now to the other, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came ;
Nor wist they of each other's thought,
Though moved to the same.

"My brother, he hath wife," he said,
"And babes at breast and knee ;
A little boon might give him aid
Though slender boot to me."

So up he got, and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To mate his brother's deed.

Thus played they oft their kindly parts,
And marvelled oft to view,
Their sheaves still equal, for their hearts
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and wondering stood
To see, by clear daylight,
How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night.

So, when this tale to Court was brought,
The Caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good
thought,
There Allah's house should be.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

THE REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH.

MY EARLY HOME

Here sparrows build upon the trees,
And stockdove hides her nest ;
The leaves are winnowed by the breeze
Into a calmer rest ;
The black-cap's song was very sweet,
That used the rose to kiss ;
It made the Paradise complete :
My early home was this.

The red-breast from the sweet briar bush
Drop't down to pick the worm ;
On the horse-chestnut sang the thrush,
O'er the house where I was born ;

The moonlight, like a shower of pearls,
Fell o'er this "bower of bliss,"
And on the bench sat boys and girls :
My early home was this.

The old house stooped just like a cave,
Thatched o'er with mosses green ;
Winter around the walls would rave,
But all was calm within ;
The trees are here all green agen,
Here bees the flowers still kiss,
But flowers and trees seemed sweeter then :
My early home was this.

JOHN CLARE.

A VISION OF CHILDREN

I dream'd I saw a little brook
Run rippling down the Strand ;
With cherry-trees and apple-trees
Abloom on either hand :
The sparrows gather'd from the squares,
Upon the branches green ;
The pigeons flock'd from Palace-yard,
Afresh their wings to preen ;
And children down St. Martin's Lane,
And out of Westminster,
Came trooping many a thousand strong,
With a bewilder'd air.



They hugged each other round the neck,
And titter'd for delight,
To see the yellow daffodils,
And see the daisies white ;
They rolled upon the grassy slopes,
And drank the water clear,
While 'buses the Embankment took,
Ashamed to pass anear ;
And sandwich-men stood still aghast,
And costermongers smiled ;
And a policeman on his beat
Pass'd weeping like a child.

THOMAS ASHE.

I MET AT EVE

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face,
He wandered through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

His garb was grey of lavender,
About his brows a poppy-wreath
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere
The air was sweeter for his breath.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name.

His house is in the mountain ways,
A phantom house of misty walls,
Whose golden flocks at evening graze,
And witch the moon with muffled calls.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,
There flit the hoot-owl's silent wings,
There hath his web the silkworm wound.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,
And rosy, as with morning buds,
Along his dales of broom and birk
Dreams haunt his solitary woods.

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face,
He wandered through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood
awake ?

Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through
the brake ;

Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of
the morn,

Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a
shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again. All his merry
thieves

Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through
the leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of
day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of
June :

All the wings of fairy land were here beneath
the moon,

Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter
gold ;

For Robin Hood is here again beneath the
bursting spray

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of
day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle
boughs.

Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the
skies,

And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden
steep.

Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of
day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest
bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down
together,
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey
goose feather.
The dead are coming back again; the years
are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of
day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper
leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood
asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of
brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
*Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood
asleep?*

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy
glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry
men ;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through
the may
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of
day :

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of
oak and ash
Rings the *Follow ! Follow !* and the boughs
begin to crash ;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin
to fly ;
And through the crimson dawning the robber
band goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the
leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break
of day.

ALFRED NOYES.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

" She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
' I love thee true ! '

" She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore ;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

" And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

" I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
Who cried—' La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! '

" I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I woke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

" And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing."

JOHN KEATS.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON

"Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone !

"Lock the door, Lariston—high on the
 weather-gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeoman and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

"Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere;
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay.

"Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh."

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasped the sword with a nervous
embrace :

“ Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

“ Little know you of the hearts I have hidden
here ;

Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—
Linhope and Sorbie true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manners, but lions in fight !

“ I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and
Netherbie,

Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;
Come all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Broken tower end shall the fray ! ”

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green
Liddesdale,

Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ;
Many a bold martial eye,
Mirrored that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the
warriors' shout,
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
Helmets and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the
Windermere !
Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !
Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend—
“ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! ”

JAMES HOGG.

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORREE

“ Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lor-
raine, Lorraine, Lorree ?
You're booked to ride your capping race to-
day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the
world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and
win the run for me.

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree.

"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,

And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee ;

He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me ? "

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,

Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,

And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,

It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,

"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three ;

But oh ! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,

And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see ! "

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh ! the gallant lass was she,

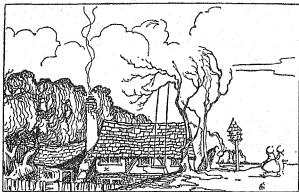
And kept him straight and won the race as near
as near could be ;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard
willow tree,
Oh ! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for
all the world to see,
But no one but the baby cried for poor Lor-
raine, Lorree.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet !



I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

Trample ! trample ! went the roan,
Trap ! trap ! went the grey ;
But pad ! *pad ! PAD !* like a thing that was
mad,

My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud ! thud ! came on the heavy roan,
Rap ! rap ! the mettled grey ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on !—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail :
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs,
Past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down,
The second rogue fired twice and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town.

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound, and I passed the gate
Safe from the canting band.

WALTER THORNBURY.

A PLAIN DIRECTION

In London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And asked a little ragged boy
The way that I should go ;

He gave a nod and then a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I boxed his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode ;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a fairy land,
In some romantic tale,
Where dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
And wicked giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a garden fair,
That's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love:
The place must be a paradise,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

THOMAS HOOD.

THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !*

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing,
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE TARRY BUCCANEER

I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass
pivot-gun,
And an island in the Spanish Main beyond the
setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink
when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
tarry Buccaneer.

With a sandy creek to careen in, and a pig-
tailed Spanish mate,
And under my main-hatches a sparkling
merry freight
Of doubloons and double moidores and pieces
of eight,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
tarry Buccaneer.

With a taste for Spanish wine-shops and for
 spending my doubloons,
And a crew of swart mulattoes and black-eyed
 octoroons,
And a thoughtful way with mutineers of
 making them maroons,
 Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
 tarry Buccaneer.

With a sash of crimson velvet and a diamond-
 hilted sword,
And a silver whistle about my neck secured to
 a golden cord,
And a habit of taking captives and walking
 them along a board,
 Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
 tarry Buccaneer.

With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a
 cocked hat cocked askew,
And a long low rakish schooner a-cutting of
 the waves in two,
And a flag of skull and cross-bones, the
 wickedest that ever flew,
 Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
 tarry Buccaneer.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

Oh ! what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea ;
All the old, romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me :

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos,
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley
Steering onward to the land ;

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear.

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong—
“ Helmsman, for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song ! ”
“ Wouldst thou, ” so the helmsman answered,
“ Learn the secrets of the sea ?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery. ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I ?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Rum on the port, Mull was astern,
Eigg on the starboard bow ;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul.
Where is that glory now ?

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone !
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care ?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made ;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings ;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and
day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds
by the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
ments gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND
(From the Irish)

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable
cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from
the yellow barley ear ;
There is honey in the trees where her misty
vales expand,
And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling
waters fanned,
There is dew at high noontide there, and
springs i' the yellow sand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the
knee,
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish
sea ;
And I will make my journey, if life and health
but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and
fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth
and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the
ground ;
The butter and the cream do wondrously
abound ;

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are
at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of
music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song
i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight
A gallant knight
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
"The shade replied,
If you seek for Eldorado!"

E. A. POE.

SECTION III PROLOGUE

Christ look upon us in this city,
And keep our sympathy and pity
Fresh, and our faces heavenward ;
Lest we grow hard.

Had the poor folk half they need, and pleasure
Of life, in reasonable measure—
But food and raiment—few of all
Would sin or fall.

Life scarce can tread majestically
Foul court and fever-stricken alley :
It is the rich, must be confess'd,
Are blamefullest.

THOMAS ASHE.

MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk
droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
parles.

Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
till you're—

Marching along, fifty-score strong
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as
well !

England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his
snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent
carles !

Hold by the right, you double your might ;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE TROOPER'S DITTY

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein ;
Up, up into the saddle, lads,
A-field we ride again :
One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all—we have their prayers,
And they our hearts—" Good-bye ! "
Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have old scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls—" trot out, trot out,"—
We cheer the stirring sound ;
Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and
dust
We thunder o'er the ground.
Tramp, tramp, we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing—
Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King ;
But luck befall each trooper tall,
That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel scone,
The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads ; the trumpet sounds
Its last and stern command—

“ A charge ! a charge ! ”—an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand.

Ha ! ha ! how thickly on our casques

Their pop-guns rattle shot ;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them

As sharply as we've got.
Now for it—now, bend to the work—

Their lines begin to shake ;
Now, through and through them—bloody
lanes

Our flashing sabres make !

“ Cut one—cut two—first point,” and then
We'll parry as we may ;

On, on the knaves, and give them steel
In bellyfuls to-day.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Church and State,
For Country and for Crown,

We slash away, and right and left
Hew rogues and rebels down.

Another cheer ! the field is clear,
The day is all our own ;

Done like our sires—done like the swords
God gives to guard the Throne !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay.
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

“ God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be ;
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me.”

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state ;
They came to the house of John Nicholson,
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly ;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet ;
“ Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet ?

“ They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how.
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now.”

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

"You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh"—
Oh, but his voice was low !
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
That furrowed cheek and brow.

"You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh,
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone."

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind ;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
"So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing.

“Have ye served us for a hundred years
And yet ye know not why?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die.

“Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

“Were I,” he said, “but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

“Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came;
Your Captains saw your insolence,
And they shall see your shame.”

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Metab Singh rode from the gate
His chin was on his breast:
The Captains said, “When the strong command
Obedience is best.”

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

When I am living in the Midlands,
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening :
My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea ;
And it's there, walking in the high woods,
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day :
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and gray ;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend :
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field,
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

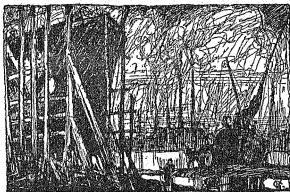
I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

FORGOTTEN

England ! and echo cries England, and all the
world stands to admire
Her fleets off the headlands of Progress, her
flag on the capes of Desire,
Her mailed hand that menaces Europe, her
legions in Egypt and Ind—
It is England, and England, and England,
whose trumpets roll down on the wind ;
But have they forgotten, forgotten, in peace
and the fullness of days,
Scotland, my Scotland,
The triumph that tramped with your Sea-
forth's,
The glory that rode with your Greys ?

England ! we're proud of old England, and a
hand we would lay in her hand ;
Her flag is our flag on the ocean, her trek is our
trek on the land,
Not a hero went forth from this England,
when blood for his country was poured,
But a Scotsman has stood by his shoulder to
back his red sword with a sword :
Yet these have forgotten, forgotten the days of
your prowess and pride
Scotland, my Scotland,
The brave men you bred in the mountains,
The keels that you laid in the Clyde.



England ! and echo cries England ! and never
more noble a name
Shall sound on the stairways of Duty and ring
through the archways of Fame ;
But on the twin shields of our honour, the land
of the heath and the flood
May write the proud name that her heroes
have writ on the ages in blood.
That no more forgetting, forgetting, shared
camp, and shared glory and grave,
Scotland, my Scotland,
The world shall stand forward and give you
full guerdon for all that you gave.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

*Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women of our race.*

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun !

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years
to be !*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

There is not in this wide world a valley so
sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite
still,

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace.

TOM MOORE.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

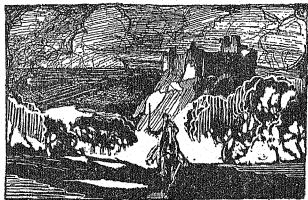
Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



THE CAVALIER

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and
gray,

My true love has mounted his steed, and away
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale and o'er
down—

Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights
for the Crown!

He has doffed the silk doublet the breastplate
to bear,

He has placed the steel cap o'er his long flowing
hair,

From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword
hangs down—

Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for
the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword
he draws ;
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause ;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown—
God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the
Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller,
and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall ;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud
town,
That the spears of the North have encircled
the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their
foes ;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's
Montrose !
Would you match the base Skippon, and
Massey, and Brown
With the Barons of England, that fight for the
Crown ?
Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier !
Be his banner unconquered, resistless his
spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may
drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and
her Crown.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here :

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the
deer ;

A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe—

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North !

The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,

The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with
snow !

Farewell to the straths and green valley below !

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods !

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods !

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here ;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
deer ;

A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe—

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS
HOUSE

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry ;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Has set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat :
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small :
A little buttry, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unflead :
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
There placed by Thee ;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent ;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one :
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day ;
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart ;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HARPER

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah
was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to
part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her
heart),
Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far
away :
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog
Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was
poor ;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless
away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was
so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and
old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog
Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his
case,

Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and
blind ?

Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and
kind ?

To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

T. CAMPBELL.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE (1802)

Earth has not anything to show more fair :

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :

This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :

Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;

And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PATTY OF THE VALE

Where lonesome woodlands close surrounding
Mark the spot a solitude,
And nature's uncheck'd scenes abounding
Form a prospect wild and rude,
A cottage cheers the spot so glooming,
Hid in the hollow of the dale,
Where, in youth and beauty blooming,
Lives sweet Patty of the Vale.

Gay as the lambs her cot surrounding,
Sporting wild the shades among,
O'er the hills and bushes bounding,
Artless, innocent, and young,
Fresh, as blush of morning roses
Ere the mid-day suns prevail,
Fair, as lily-bud uncloses,
Blooms sweet Patty of the Vale.

Low and humble though her station,
Dress though mean she's doom'd to wear,
Few superiors in the nation
With her beauty can compare.
What are riches?—not worth naming,
Though with some they may prevail;
Their's be choice of wealth proclaiming,
Mine is Patty of the Vale.

Fools may fancy wealth and fortune
Join to make a happy pair,
And for such the god importune,
With full many a fruitless prayer :
I, their pride and wealth disdaining
Should my humbler hopes prevail,
Happy then, would cease complaining,
Blest with Patty of the Vale.

JOHN CLARE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ”—the vision rais’d its
head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d, “ The names of those who love the
Lord.”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not
so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, “ I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next
night

It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd,

And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

PSALM XCI

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the
most High shall abide under the shadow of the
Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and
my fortress : my God ; in Him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare
of the fowler, and from the noisome
pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and
under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth
shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by
night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in dark-
ness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at
noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou has made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the most High thy habitation ;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder ; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me and I will answer him ; I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

I SAW A NEW WORLD

I saw a new world in my dream,
Where all the folks alike did seem :
There was no Child, there was no Mother,
There was no Change, there was no Other.

For everything was Same, the Same :
There was no praise, there was no blame ;
There was neither Need nor Help for it ;
There was nothing fitting or unfit.

Nobody laughed, nobody wept ;
None grew weary so none slept.
There was nobody born, and nobody wed ;
This world was a world of the living-dead.

I longed to hear the Time-Clock strike
In the world where the people were all alike ;
I hated Same, I hated For-Éver,
I longed to say Neither, or even Never.

I longed to mend, I longed to make,
I longed to give, I longed to take,
I longed for a change, whatever came after,
I longed for crying, I longed for laughter.

At last I heard the Time-Clock boom,
And woke from my dream in my little room ;
With a smile on her lips my mother was nigh,
And I heard the Baby crow and cry.

And I thought to myself how nice it is
For me to live in a world like this,
Where things can happen, and clocks can
 strike,
And none of the people are made alike.

Where Love wants this and Pain wants that,
Where all our hearts want Tit for Tat
In the jumbles we make with our heads and
 our hands,
In a world that nobody understands,
But with work, and hope and the right to call
Upon Him who sees it and knows us all.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

THE RIVER OF LIFE

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth,
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheeks grow wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

T. CAMPBELL.

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

THE SWIMMER

How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more
daring,
The wave all roughen'd ; with a swimmer's
stroke

Flinging the billows back from my drench'd
hair,

And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me ; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they wax'd fearful ; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep :
exulting,

With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird—I was a boy then.

LORD BYRON.

THE JUGGLERS

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;
Convinced of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.
“ Is this then he so famed for sleight ?

Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provoked, the Juggler cried, "'Tis done ;
In science I submit to none."
Thus said, the cups and balls he played ;
By turns this here, that there, conveyed.
The cards obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turned to birds.
His little boxes change the grain :
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair ;
His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold ;
And now his ivory eggs are told ;
But, when from hence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.
Vice now stept forth, and took his place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glass," she cries,
"(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desired,
And every man himself admired.
Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note ; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill . Heigh, pass ! 'tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanished, and she spoke.
Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,

All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief exposed ;
At once his ready fingers closed.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled :
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand ;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows.
" Blow here " ; and a churchwarden blows.
Thus vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art :
" Can I such matchless sleight withstand ?
How practice hath improved your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You every day, and all day long."

JOHN GAY.

THE LAST BUCCANEER

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them
that's rich and high,

But England is a cruel place for such poor
folks as I ;

And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see
again,

As the pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish
Main.

There were forty craft in Aves that were both
swift and stout,

All furnished well with small arms and cannons
round about ;

And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair
and free

To choose their valiant captains and obey
them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with
his hoards of plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from
Indian folk of old ;

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts
as hard as stone,

Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve
them to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits
that shone like gold,

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous
to behold ;

And the negro maids to Aves from bondage
fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in
from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Aves to hear the Landward
breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between
the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you
listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never
touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things
must be ;
So the King's ships sailed on Aves, and quite
put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they
burst the booms at night,
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from
the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass
beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young
thing she died ;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg
until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't
tell where ;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't
be worse off there ;
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the
main,
To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once
again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

I tell you a tale to-night
Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
And a voice as low as the sea.
You could almost hear the stars
Twinkling up in the sky,
And the old wind woke and moaned in the
spars
And the same old waves went by,
Singing the same old song
As ages and ages ago,
While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
With the things that he seemed to know.
A bare foot pattered on deck ;
Ropes creaked ; then—all grew still,
And he pointed his finger straight in my face
And growled, as a sea-dog will.

" Do'ee know who Nelson was ?
That poor little shrivelled form
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up
sleeve
And a soul like a North Sea storm ?

" Ask of the Devonshire men !
They know and they'll tell you true ;
He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap
That Hardy thought he knew.

" He wasn't the man you think !
His patch was a dern disguise
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,
If they looked him in both his eyes.

" He was twice as big as he seemed ;
But his clothes were cunningly made.
He'd both of his hairy arms all right !
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

" You've heard of sperrits, no doubt ;
Well, there's more in the matter than that !
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the
sleeve,
And he wasn't the laced cocked-hat.

" *Nelson was just—a Ghost !*
You may laugh ! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England
called,
And they know that he'll come again.

“ I’ll tell you the way it was
 (For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
 Two hundred years or so.

“ The waves were lapping and slapping
 The same as they are to-day ;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
 In Nombre Dios Bay.

“ The scent of the foreign flowers
 Came floating all around ;
‘ But I’d give my soul for the smell o’ the
 pitch,’
Says he, ‘ in Plymouth Sound.

“ ‘ What shall I do,’ he says,
 ‘ When the guns begin to roar,
An’ England wants me, and me not there
 To shatter ’er foes once more ? ’

“ (You’ve heard what he said, may be,
 But I’ll mark you the p’int again ;
For I’ll want you to box your compass right
 And get my story plain.)

“ ‘ You must take my drum,’ he says,
 ‘ To the old sea-wall at home ;
And if ever you strike that drum,’ he says,
 ‘ Why, strike me blind, I’ll come !

“ ‘ If England needs me, dead
Or living, I’ll rise that day !
I’ll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.’

“ That’s what he said ; and he died ;
An’ his pirates, listenin’ roun’,
With their crimson doublets and jewelled
swords
That flashed as the sun went down,

“ They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round-shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

“ They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin’ to say ‘ Good-night.’

“ They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew ;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
The same as he told them to.

“ Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

“ ‘ It’s only my dead that count,’
She said, as she says to-day ;
‘ It isn’t the ships and it isn’t the guns
’Ull sweep Trafalgar’s Bay.’

“ D’you guess who Nelson was ?
You may laugh but it’s true as true !
There was more in that pore little chawed-up
chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

“ The foe was creepin’ close,
In the dark to our white-cliffed isle ;
They were ready to leap at England’s throat,
When, O, you may smile, you may smile ;

“ But—ask of the Devonshire men ;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

“ He stretched out his dead cold face
And he sailed in the grand old way !
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,
But he swept Trafalgar’s Bay.

“ Nelson—was Francis Drake !
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up
sleeve
If your soul’s like a North Sea storm ? ”

ALFRED NOYES.

THE NECKAN

In summer on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
Green rolls the Baltic Sea ;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale ;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth
Far from the kind sea-wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wandered
By castle, field and town—
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea-children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal—
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
“And who art thou,” the priest began,
“Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?”

"I am no knight," he answered ;
"From the sea-waves I come"—
The knights drew sword, the ladies screamed,
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanished with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea-halls,
Beneath the salt sea-tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
"False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps ;
"No Christian mate have I."

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch-trees cool,
He sat and played his harp of gold,
Beside the river-pool.

Beside the pool sat Neckan—
Tears filled his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassocked priest rode by.

“Why sitt’st thou there, O Neckan,
And play’st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt Heaven behold.”

But, lo, the staff it budded!
It greened, it branched, it waved.
“O ruth of God,” the priest cried out,
“This lost sea-creature saved!”

The cassocked priest rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule;
But Neckan in the twilight gray
Wept by the river-pool.

He wept: “The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea and sky, and God above—
But, ah, not human souls!”

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FATHER WILLIAM

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man said,

“ And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ? ”

“ In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,

“ I feared it might injure the brain ;
But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ as I mentioned before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—

Pray, what is the reason of that ? ”

“ In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,

“ I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—

Allow me to sell you a couple ? ”

"You are old," said the youth, "and your
jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones
and the beak—

Pray, how did you manage to do it ? "

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to
the law,

And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to
my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would
hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your
nose—

What made you so awfully clever ? "

"I have answered three questions, and that
is enough,"

Said his father ; "don't give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such
stuff ?

Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs ! "

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

What of the bow ?

The bow was made in England

Of true wood, of yew-wood,

The wood of English bows ;

So the men who are free

Love the old yew-tree

And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord ?

The cord was made in England,

A rough cord, a tough cord,

A cord that bowmen love ;

And so we will sing

Of the hempen string,

And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft ?

The shaft was cut in England,

A long shaft, a strong shaft,

Barbed and trim and true ;

So we'll drink all together

To the gray goose-feather,

And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the mark ?
Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark
Is waiting over-sea.

When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men ?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.

Here's to you—and to you !
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts
dwell.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

O the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan van vocht ;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan van vocht ;
O ! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan van vocht.

O the French are in the bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan van vocht.

And their camp it shall be where ?
Says the Shan van vocht ;
Their camp it shall be where ?
Says the Shan van vocht ;
On the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan van vocht.

To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan van vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do ?
Says the Shan van vocht ;
What will the yeomen do ?
Says the Shan van vocht ;
What should the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan van vocht ?

What should the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan van vocht ?

And what colour will they wear ?

Says the Shan van vocht ;

What colour will they wear ?

Says the Shan van vocht ;

What colour should be seen

Where our fathers' homes have been,

But our own immortal Green ?

Says the Shan van vocht.

What colour should be seen

Where our fathers' homes have been,

But our own immortal Green ?

Says the Shan van vocht.

And will Ireland then be free ?

Says the Shan van vocht ;

Will Ireland then be free ?

Says the Shan van vocht ;

Yes ! Ireland shall be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurra ! for Liberty !

Says the Shan van vocht.

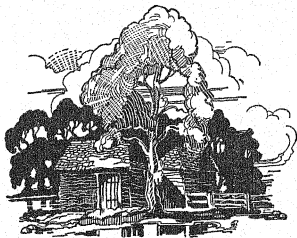
Yes ! Ireland shall be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurra ! for Liberty !

Says the Shan van vocht.

ANON.



THE TREE

Fair tree ! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made :
Sure, some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows, and to thee.
When thou to birds dost shelter give,
Thou music dost from them receive ;
If travellers beneath thee stay,
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend,
And thy protecting power commend ;
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,

Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, bestows
Her flowery chaplets on thy boughs.
Shall I then only silent be,
And no return be made by me ?
No ; let this wish upon thee wait,
And still to flourish be thy fate ;
To future ages may'st thou stand
Untouch'd by the rash workman's hand,
Till that large stock of sap is spent,
Which gives thy summer's ornament ;
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,
Shall on thy lifeless hour attend,
Prevent the axe, and grace thy end ;
Their scatter'd strength together call,
And to the clouds proclaim thy fall ;
Who then their evening-dews may spare,
When thou no longer art their care ;
But shalt, like ancient heroes, burn
And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

LADY WINCHILSEA.

STRAWBERRY HILL

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare,
Some say, that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare ;
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry-hill,
Don't bear away the bell ?

Some love to roll down Greenwich-hill,
For this thing and for that,
And some prefer sweet Marble-hill,
Though sure 'tis somewhat flat ;
Yet Marble-hill and Greenwich-hill,
If Kitty Clive can tell,
From Strawberry-hill, from Strawberry-hill,
Will never bear the bell.

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Clermont kept so jim,
And some prefer sweet Southcoats,
'Tis but a dainty whim ;
But ask the gallant Bristol,
Who dost in taste excel,
If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry-hill,
Don't bear away the bell.

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,
There's scarce a hill around,
But what in song or ditty,
Is turn'd to fairy ground.
Ah ! peace be with their memory,
I wish them wondrous well,
But Strawberry-hill, but Strawberry-hill,
Will ever bear the bell.

Great William dwells at Windsor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold.
On lofty hills like Windsor
Such heroes ought to dwell ;
Yet the little folks on Strawberry-hill
Like Strawberry-hill as well.

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

C. MARLOWE.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O gift of God ! O perfect day :
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !
Blow winds ! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach.

O Live and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDREN DANCING

Away, sad thoughts, and teasing
Perplexities, away !
Let other blood go freezing,
We will be wise and gay.
For here is all heart-easing,
An ecstasy at play.

The children dancing, dancing,
Light upon happy feet,
Both eye and heart entrancing
Mingle, escape, and meet ;
Come joyous-eyed advancing
Or floatingly retreat.

Now slow, now swifter treading
Their paces timed and true,
An instant poised, then threading
A maze of printless clue,
Their motions smoothly wedding
To melody anew,

They sway in chime, and scatter
In looping circles ; they
Are Music's airy matter,
And their feet move, the way
The raindrops shine and patter
On tossing flowers in May.

As if those flowers were singing
For joy of the clean air,
As if you saw them springing
To dance the breeze, so fair
The lissom bodies swinging,
So light the flung-back hair.

And through the mind enchanted
A happy river goes
By its own carol haunted
And bringing where it flows
What all the world has wanted
And who in this world knows ?

LAURENCE BINYON.

AUTUMN

With what a glory comes and goes the year !
The buds of spring, those beautiful har-
bingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread
out.

And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-
 crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits
 down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird
 sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy
 flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well
spent !

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day ;
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wildfowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent,
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow ;
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.

Let the luscious South-wind,
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

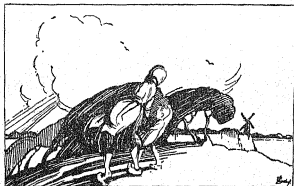
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER
WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou are not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green
holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly :

Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.



Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green
holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly :

Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

SECTION IV
RIOUPEROUX

High and solemn mountains guard Riou-
peroux,
Small untidy village where the river drives a
mill :
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were
you,
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

Oh, I will go to France again, and tramp the
valley through,
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog
and corduroy,
And work with the mill-hands of black
Riouperoux,
And walk with you, and talk with you, like
any other boy.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND

We were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill:
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his
westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven
heel

From the glad sound would not be absent long :
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art
gone,

Now thou art gone and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
grown,

And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
 graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
 wear,
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

JOHN MILTON (*Lycidas*).

AND DID THOSE FEET

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things
above—

Entire and whole and perfect, the service of
my love,

The love that asks no questions ; the love
that stands the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the
best ;

The love that never falters, the love that pays
the price,

The love that makes undaunted the final
sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of
long ago—

Most dear to them that love her, most great
to them that know—

We may not count her armies : we may not
see her king—

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is
suffering—

And soul by soul and silently her shining
bounds increase,

And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all
her paths are peace.

CECIL SPRING-RICE.

LONDON SNOW

When men were all asleep the snow came flying
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely
lying,

Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy
town ;

Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs
failing ;

Lazily and incessantly floating down and down:
Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and
railing ;

Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and
sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted light-
ness,

The clouds blew off from a high and frosty
heaven ;

And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed
brightness

Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly
glare :

The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling
whiteness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the
solemn air ;

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and
spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school,
calling,

They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with
snowballing ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the
knees ;

Or peering up from under the white-mossed
wonder,

“ O look at the trees ! ” they cried, “ O look
at the trees ! ”

With lessened load a few carts creak and
blunder,

Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth
below

His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of
day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with
the snow ;

And trains of sombre men, past tale of
number,

Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil
they go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber

Their minds diverted ; the daily word is un-
spoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow
slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for
the charm they have broken.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody fore-
tells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony fore-
tells !

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in time,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
on the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !

How it dwells
On the Future !—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells :

Hear the loud alarum bells
Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
tells !

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour

Now—now to sit, or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells !

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear, it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of
the bells—

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels !

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls :—

And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances, and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

LOCH INA

I know a lake where the cool waves break,

And softly fall on the silver sand—

And no steps intrude on that solitude,

And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old

Turned to stone by some magic spell,

Uprears in might his misty height,

And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
And its verdure shames the emerald's
green—
On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild cranes nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find ;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung, when the owners in sleep
reclined.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
His lordly tower a shepherd's pen,
His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
Would rise, with anger and shame again.

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
Are cooling themselves in the trembling
wave—
But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathed
cells,
Make music on the silent shore,
As the summer breeze, through the distant
trees,
Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea weed shines, like the hidden
mines,

Or the fairy cities beneath the sea ;
And the wave-washed stones are bright as the
thrones

Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot

To live for ever, and dream 'twere mine,
Courts might woo, and Kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee—loved Loch Ine.

ANON.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk :

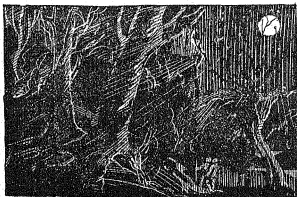
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the
trees,

In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt
mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stainèd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world
unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest
dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,



The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer
eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside ; and now 'tis buried
deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

J. KEATS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird ;
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, " There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, " The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine ?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
" For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near " ;
And the white rose weeps, " She is late " ;
The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear " ;
And the lily whispers, " I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

LORD TENNYSON.

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-
place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality :
And thou, who didst't the stars and sunbeams
 know,
Self-school'd, self- scann'd, self-honour'd, self-
 secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so !
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is
 done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize
 we sought is won ;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
 all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
 grim and daring ;
 But, O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the
bells ;

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills ;

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for
you the shores a-crowding ;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning ;

Here, Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still ;

My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will ;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won ;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR

As Doctor — musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay :
Enters the room, begins the chat
With, " Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray ? "

The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew :
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

" Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale :
" Take this advice, and mend your trade ;
We both are losers if you fail.

" Go write, your wit in satire show,
No matter, whether smart or true ;
Call — names, the greatest foe,
To dullness, folly, pride and you.

" Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
Among your friends be sure you send 'em :
For all who read will soon grow sick,
And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

" Thus trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends :
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends."

DAVID GARRICK.

THE DOCTOR'S ARMS

A Doctor, who, for want of skill,
Did seldom cure—but sometimes kill ;
Contriv'd at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle fill'd with stuff,
To raise his fortune, and his pride,
And in a coach, forsooth ! must ride.
His family coat long since worn out,
What arms to take, was all the doubt.

A friend, consulted on the case,
Thus answer'd with a sly grimace :
“ Take some device in your own way,
Neither too solemn nor too gay ;
Three Ducks, suppose, white, gray, or black ;
And let your motto be ‘ Quack ! Quack ’ ! ”

RICHARD GRAVES.

ON WIT

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine ;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

ANON.

LITERATURE

O blessed Letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all !
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead living unto council call ;
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

GLORY

O talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our
glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-
twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so
plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that
is wrinkled ?
'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew
besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that
is hoary !
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give
glory !

LORD BYRON.

MAN HIS OWN STAR

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

JOHN FLETCHER.

BRITAIN—TO THE EMPIRE (1924)

I

Because in victory, as of old, I bear
The burden of defeat, both foe and friend
Believe my strength must fail. They wait to
wear

The crown I wore, and wear to the world's
end.

At ease to watch the soul that none could
kill—

Crushed by his own proud load, expectant
eyes
Flatter the night-bound Titan, labouring still,
But slowly, surely sinking.

And I rise ;

Rise like an athlete, stripped for the great test ;
Stripped of all softness, trained to muscle
and bone,

Lean as the lightning ; and, within my breast
One iron victory that they have not known,—

The victory of the will that, come what may,
Still leads the world, from darkness to full day.

II

Little they know of victory who mistake
Silence for death, or brawling surf for power.
Though I build slowly, granite does not break
Before the hurrying waves of one dark hour.

Though I build slowly, as under the wild seas
The strong foundations of the hills were
laid ;

And every cloud that flies before the breeze
May mock the steadfast ramparts I have
made ;

My hills are rising. There is fire beneath.
My ways are ancient, but my works endure.
A thousand years of pain and toil and death
Compact in rock, have made my reign secure.

Waves may be swift ; but, though my cliffs are
old,

Waves, waves, and waves against their strength
have rolled.

III

They have broken and passed in smoke, and I
remain ;

And you, that are my own lost youth re-born
Whose thousand lakes reflect without a stain
In my far sunset, your re-kindling morn ;

Whose mountains in your own far sunset stand
Calling the lost stars back, while dawn
returns

Round India, home, to me, your mother-land,
And my dark city in your own glory burns ;

Your boundless prairies whisper through my
mind ;

Your mightier hopes through all my visions
rise ;

And, if I falter in the mists that bind,
Your cleaner winds restore my deeper skies ;

Your eagles in these ancient rocks grew strong ;
And, on their wings, my thousand years grow
young.

IV

Who shaped this union ? Neither you, nor I.
We are but instruments of the moving whole,
Blind instruments of that ultimate harmony,
The music of the world-creating Soul.

Through steadfast minds that are not fooled
by lies ;

Through men that serve mankind and are
not heard ;

Through inarticulate lips and honest eyes,
The living power still speaks the living word :

I that am Freedom ; I that made you great ;

I that am Honour, and uphold you still ;

*I that am Peace, and bound you, State to State,
Even as the stars are bound to one high will ;*

*I that am One, and made you one in Me,
Reign by that Law which sets all nations free.*

ALFRED NOYES.

SOLDIER, REST !

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,

Dream of fighting fields no more :

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,

Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

FOR THE FALLEN

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her
children,

England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and
royal

Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were
young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and
aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left
grow old :

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning

We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades
again ;

They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-
time :

They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes
profound,

Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from
sight,

To the innermost heart of their own land they
are known

As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are
dust,

Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON.

HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them ;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy ;
But was there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

JOHN KEATS.

THE HAPPY MAN

A plain good man without deceit,
Whose virtues only make him great,
Whose learning does to wisdom tend,
Whose wisdom does in goodness end ;
Contented with the humble state,
In which he's plac'd by choice or fate,
To a few honest wise men known,
For ill or folly tax'd by none ;
One who with prudence does enjoy
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy ;
Pleasures above gross sense refin'd,
A true dear friend, a serious mind,
A constant health, a fair kind wife,
Books, quiet, and a country life.
Thus, before age comes on, to fall :
Pleas'd in himself and prais'd by all.

ANTHONY HAMMOND

A HAPPY LIFE

O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run—
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;

How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times—
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;

So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how
lovely !

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely
curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
(*King Henry VI.*)

O SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey, nonny nonny—hey, nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?
O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine
own tears ?

O punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey, nonny nonny—hey, nonny nonny !

THOMAS DEKKER.

THE WEST WIND

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds'
cries ;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in
my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old
brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as
tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's
like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may
lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting
from the nest.

" Will ye not come home, brother ? ye have
been long away,
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the
may ;
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the
rain—
Will ye not come home, brother, home to us
again ?

"The young corn is green, brother, where the
rabbits run,
It's a blue sky, and white clouds, and warm
rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a
man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring
again.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother, above
the green wheat,
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest
your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep
for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of
birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must
tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest
for heart and head,
To the violets and the warm hearts and the
thrushes' song,
In the fine land, the west land, the land where
I belong.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch
eaves run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers ;

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook
Or by a cider-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by
hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them—thou hast the music too
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
 bourn ;

Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

J. KEATS.

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four seasons in the mind of Man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he
 loves

To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his
wings

He furlcth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

J. KEATS.

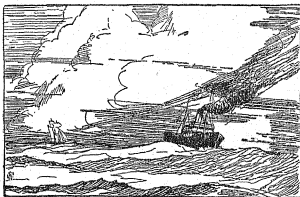
CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white
wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the
Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-
green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke
stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad
March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD.



HORRIBLE EXPERIENCES AT SEA

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

S. T. COLERIDGE

(From The Rime of the Ancient Mariner).

WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS

We are they who come faster than fate : we
are they who ride early or late :
We storm a your ivory gate Pale Kings of
the Sunset, beware !
Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in cur-
tained solemnity die
Among women who chatter and cry, and chil-
dren who mumble a prayer.
But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and
we rise with a shout, and we tramp
With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the
spray of the wind in our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to
to the forts of Merou and Balghar,
Our steel we have brought and our star to
shine on the ruins of Rum.

We have marched from the Indus to Spain,
and by God we will go there again ;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where
the Waters of Destiny boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where
men were afraid,

For death was a difficult trade, and the sword
was a broker of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who
cured not a few of ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine
bitter and strong :

And the shield was a grief to the fool and as
bright as a desolate pool,

And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when
their cavalry thundered along :

For the coward was drowned with the brave
when our battle sheered up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the
glory to God in our song.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves
dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou

Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until

Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill

(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)

With living hues and odours plain and hill :

• Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;

Destroyer and Preserver ; Hear, O hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and
ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning ! there are spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,

Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim
verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : O
hear !

Thou who didst waken from thy summer-
dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers,
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them !
Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves : O hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I was as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and
proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit
fierce,

My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth ;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

ODE ON THE POETS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories.
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth we live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you

Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

J. KEATS.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

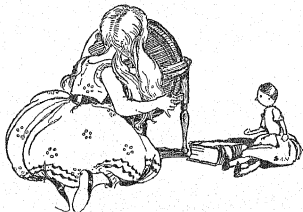
Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixt ; sweet recreation,
And Innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LETTY'S GLOBE

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad
year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a coloured sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and
know,
By tint and outline, all its seas and land.



She patted all the world ; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she
leaped,

And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide
bliss ;

But when we turned her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,

“ Oh ! yes, I see it ; Letty's home is there ! ”

And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

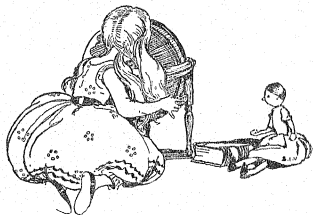
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And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

PSALM XXXIII

Rejoice in the LORD, O ye righteous ; for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the LORD with harp : sing unto him with psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song ; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is right ; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment ; the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made ; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap ; he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let the earth fear the LORD : let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake and it was done ; he commanded and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought ; he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD ; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven ; he be- holdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioned their hearts alike ; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host ; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

An horse is a vain thing for safety : neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy ;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the LORD : he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not
need
Either man’s work, or His own gifts ; who
best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best :
His state

Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built
shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
• Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bare :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless
 breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
 blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forebade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 fined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
 hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,

• The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured
dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree,
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“ The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne—

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the
 lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd)
 a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

T. GRAY.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

(Written in Memory of his dear friend, Arthur Hallam.)

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but Faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

II

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal ;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher ;

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
Loved deeper, darker understood ;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

III

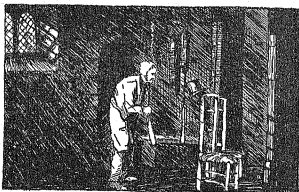
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.



Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

It's good to see the School we knew,
 The land of youth and dream,
 To greet again the rule we knew
 Before we took the stream :
 Though long we've missed the sight of her,
 Our hearts may not forget ;
 We've lost the old delight of her,
 We keep her honour yet.

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,
 The best School of all :
 We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
 Till the last bell call.
 For working days or holidays,
 And glad or melancholy days,
 They were great days and jolly days
 At the best School of all.*

The stars and sounding vanities
 That half the crowd bewitch,
 What are they but inanities
 To him that treads the pitch ?
 And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,
 Could buy the cheers that roll
 When the last charge goes thundering
 Beneath the twilight goal ?

The men that tanned the hide of us,
Our daily foes and friends,
They shall not lose their pride of us
Howe'er the journey ends.
Their voice, to us who sing of it,
No more its message bears,
But the round world shall ring of it
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But we may face the centuries,
And dare the deepening tide :
For though the dust that's part of us
To dust again be gone,
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—
The School we handed on !

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew ,
Till the last bell call.
For working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)	
<i>Shakespeare</i>	222
<i>The Neckan</i>	180
THOMAS ASHE (1836-1889)	
<i>A Vision of Children</i>	108
<i>Prologue</i>	137
JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851)	
<i>Good Night</i>	57
HILAIRE BELLOC (1870)	
<i>Auvergnat</i>	36
<i>The South Country</i>	146
LAURENCE BINYON (1869)	
<i>For the Fallen</i>	233
<i>Lullaby</i>	53
<i>The Children Dancing</i>	195
WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)	
<i>And did those Feet</i>	205
<i>Nurse's Song</i>	46
<i>Reeds of Innocence</i>	40
<i>The Lamb</i>	34
<i>The Little Black Boy</i>	44
<i>The Tiger</i>	32
ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-1930)	
<i>First Spring Morning</i>	80
<i>London Snow</i>	207
E. B. BROWNING (1806-1861)	
<i>A Musical Instrument</i>	82
ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)	
<i>Marching Along</i>	137
<i>Pippa's Song</i>	59

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)	PAGE
<i>The Shepherd Boy's Song</i>	52
ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)	
<i>My Heart's in the Highlands</i>	157
<i>The Banks o' Doon</i>	132
LORD BYRON (1788-1824)	
<i>Glory</i>	227
<i>The Swimmer</i>	169
THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)	
<i>The Harper</i>	160
<i>The River of Life</i>	167
THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)	
<i>To-day</i>	79
LEWIS CARROLL (1833-1898)	
<i>Father William</i>	183
COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757)	
<i>The Blind Boy</i>	51
JOHN CLARE (1793-1864)	
<i>Little Trotty Wagtail</i>	29
<i>My Early Home</i>	107
<i>Patty of the Vale</i>	162
SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE (1772-1834)	
<i>Horrible Experiences at Sea</i>	245
SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)	
<i>Literature</i>	227
GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846)	
<i>Fairy Revels</i>	70
<i>I'm a Rover</i>	66
<i>I've been roaming</i>	75
W. H. DAVIES (1870)	
<i>Leisure</i>	73

<i>Index of Authors</i>	275
THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-1641?)	PAGE
<i>Lullaby</i>	53
<i>O Sweet Content</i>	238
WALTER DE LA MARE (1873)	
<i>I met at eve</i>	110
CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)	
<i>The Ivy Green</i>	84
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (1859-1930)	
<i>The Song of the Bow</i>	185
SAMUEL FERGUSON (1810-1886)	
<i>The Fair Hills of Ireland</i>	134
EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895)	
<i>Little Boy Blue</i>	52
J. E. FLECKER (1884-1915)	
<i>Riouperoux</i>	203
<i>War Song of the Saracens</i>	247
JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625)	
<i>Man His Own Star</i>	228
DAVID GARRICK (1717-1779)	
<i>Death and the Doctor</i>	225
JOHN GAY (1685-1732)	
<i>The Jugglers</i>	170
RICHARD GRAVES (1715-1804)	
<i>The Doctor's Arms</i>	226
THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)	
<i>Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard</i>	259
ANTHONY HAMMOND (1668-1738)	
<i>The Happy Man</i>	236
BRET HARTE (1839-1902)	
<i>To a Sea Bird</i>	98

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)	PAGE
<i>A Thanksgiving to God, for his House</i>	158
<i>To Daffodils</i>	94
THOMAS HEYWOOD (circa 1574-1650)	
<i>Pack, Clouds, Away!</i>	28
JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)	
<i>Lock the Door, Lariston</i>	117
<i>The Skylark</i>	168
THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)	
<i>A Plain Direction</i>	124
<i>Bed-Time</i>	75
<i>I Remember, I Remember</i>	121
<i>Queen Mab</i>	68
LORD HOUGHTON (1809-1885)	
<i>Good Night and Good Morning</i>	38
WILLIAM HOWITT (1792-1879)	
<i>Northern Seas</i>	17
MARY HOWITT (1799-1888)	
<i>September</i>	62
<i>The Dormouse</i>	63
<i>The Voice of Spring</i>	59
<i>The White Sea Gull</i>	31
LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)	
<i>Abou Ben Adhem</i>	163
JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)	
<i>April</i>	81
<i>Happy Insensibility</i>	235
<i>La Belle Dame Sans Merci</i>	115
<i>Meg Merrilies</i>	42
<i>Ode on the Poets</i>	252
<i>Ode to a Nightingale</i>	215
<i>Ode to Autumn</i>	241
<i>The Grasshopper and the Cricket</i>	98
<i>The Human Seasons</i>	242

Index of Authors

277

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875)

PAGE

A Farewell

56

The Night Bird

30

Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree

119

Ode to the North-East Wind

198

The Last Buccaneer

173

The River

90

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865)

The Children's Song

150

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

**Autumn*

196

A Day of Sunshine

194

A Dutch Picture

23

Daybreak

78

Hiawatha Goes Hunting

85

Travels by the Fireside

26

The Secret of the Sea

130

The Windmill

19

* J. R. LOWELL (1819-1891)

The Fountain

95

C. MARLOWE (1564?-1593)

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

192

JOHN MASEFIELD (1874)

Cargoes

243

The Tarry Buccaneer

128

The West Wind

239

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

In Memory of a Friend

204

On His Blindness

258

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

Two Red Roses Across the Moon

102

	PAGE
THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)	
<i>How Dear to Me the Hour</i>	92
<i>My Garden</i>	69
<i>The Meeting of the Waters</i>	152
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797-1835)	
<i>The Trooper's Ditty</i>	139
T. NASH (1567-1601)	
<i>Spring</i>	60
HENRY NEWBOLT (1862)	
<i>A Ballad of John Nicholson</i>	142
<i>The Best School of All</i>	271
<i>The Fighting Téméraire</i>	126
ALFRED NOYES (1880)	
<i>At Kew</i>	88
<i>Britain—to the Empire</i> (1924)	228
<i>Sherwood</i>	111
<i>The Admiral's Ghost</i>	175
WILL H. OGILVIE (1869)	
<i>Forgotten</i>	148
THOMAS L. PEACOCK (1785-1866)	
<i>Robin Hood</i>	21
EDGAR ALLEN POE (1809-1849)	
<i>Eldorado</i>	136
<i>The Bells</i>	209
ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)	
<i>Ode on Solitude</i>	253
WILLIAM PULTENEY (1684-1764)	
<i>Strawberry Hill</i>	191
WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS (1827-1882)	
<i>I Saw a New World</i>	166
<i>Polly</i>	47
<i>Stalky Jack</i>	39
<i>Topsy Turvey World</i>	37

Index of Authors

279

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)

PAGE

Before the Paling of the Stars

41

Boats Sail on the Rivers

20

Summer

61

The Colours

68

The Sound of the Wind

65

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Hunting Song

141

Gathering Song of Donald the Black

153

Soldier, Rest

231

The Cavalier

155

The Outlaw

100

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

A Happy Life

236

Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind

201

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

Ode to the West Wind

249

SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE (1859-1918)

I vow to thee, my country

206

JOHN STERLING (1806-1844)

The Hunter

72

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

Over the Sea to Skye

131

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Break, Break, Break!

135

Come Into the Garden, Maud

219

Echo Song

93

From "In Memoriam"

266

Sweet and Low

54

The Owl

31

F. TENNYSON (1807-1898)

Skylark

96

WALTER THORNBURY (1828-1876)	PAGE
<i>The Cavalier's Escape</i>	123
CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER (1808-1879)	
<i>Letty's Globe</i>	254
<i>The Two Brothers</i>	104
WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)	
<i>O Captain! My Captain!</i>	22
LADY WINCHILSEA (1666-1720)	
<i>The Tree</i>	189
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)	
<i>The Daffodils</i>	91
<i>The Rainbow</i>	97
<i>The Reaper</i>	106
<i>Upon Westminster Bridge</i>	161
<i>Written in March</i>	58
W. B. YEATS (1865)	
<i>The Lake Isle of Innisfree</i>	133
ANONYMOUS	
<i>Loch Ina</i>	213
<i>On Wit</i>	226
<i>Plump Little Baby Clouds</i>	74
<i>The Light-hearted Fairy</i>	66
<i>The Shan Van Vocht</i>	186
THE BIBLE	
<i>Psalm XXXIII</i>	256
<i>Psalm XCI</i>	164

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
<i>About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)</i>	163
<i>A Doctor, who, for want of skill</i>	226
<i>A fair little girl sat under a tree</i>	38
<i>A-floating, a-floating</i>	30
<i>A Juggler long through all the town</i>	170
<i>A little fairy comes at night</i>	68
<i>And did those feet in ancient time</i>	205
<i>A plain good man without conceit</i>	236
<i>A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer</i>	134
<i>"Are you ready for your steeple-chase?"</i>	119
<i>Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers</i>	238
<i>As Doctor — musing sat</i>	225
<i>Away, sad thoughts, and teasing</i>	195
<i>A wind came up out of the sea</i>	78
<i>Bards of Passion and of Mirth</i>	252
<i>Because in victory, as of old, I bear</i>	228
<i>Before the paling of the stars</i>	41
<i>Behold ! a giant am I !</i>	19
<i>Behold her, single in the field</i>	106
<i>Bird of the wilderness</i>	168
<i>Blow, blow, thou winter wind</i>	201
<i>Boats sail on the rivers</i>	20
<i>Bold Robin has robed him in ghostly attire</i>	21
<i>Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads</i>	139
<i>Break, break, break</i>	135
<i>Brown eyes</i>	47
<i>Christ look upon us in this city</i>	137
<i>Clear and cool, clear and cool</i>	90
<i>Come into the garden, Maud</i>	219
<i>Come live with me and be my Love</i>	192
<i>Come to me, O ye children</i>	7
<i>Dear friend, far off, my lost desire</i>	268

	PAGE
<i>Earth has not anything to show more fair</i>	161
<i>England ! and echo cries England, and all the world stands to admire</i>	148
<i>Fair Daffodils, we weep to see</i>	94
<i>Fair tree ! for thy delightful shade</i>	189
<i>Four Seasons fill the measure of the year</i>	242
<i>Gaily bedight</i>	136
<i>Go down to Kew in lilac-time</i>	88
<i>Golden slumbers kiss your eyes</i>	53
<i>Happy the man, whose wish and care</i>	253
<i>Have you not oft, in the still wind</i>	70
<i>Hear the sledges with the bells—</i>	209
<i>Here sparrows build upon the trees</i>	107
<i>He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high</i>	164
<i>He that is down need fear no fall</i>	52
<i>High and solemn mountains guard Riouperoux</i>	203
<i>How dear to me the hour when daylight dies</i>	92
<i>How many a time have I</i>	169
<i>How the blythe Lark runs up the golden stair</i>	96
<i>I am coming, I am coming !</i>	59
<i>I dream'd I saw a little brook</i>	108
<i>If the butterfly courted the bee</i>	37
<i>I have a garden of my own</i>	69
<i>I knew a boy who took long walks</i>	39
<i>I know a lake where the cool waves break</i>	213
<i>I'm a rover ! I'm a rover !</i>	66
<i>I met at eve the Prince of Sleep</i>	110
<i>I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass pivot-gun</i>	128
<i>In a drear-nighted December</i>	235
<i>In London once I lost my way</i>	124
<i>In summer on the headlands</i>	180
<i>Into the sunshine, full of the light</i>	95
<i>I remember, I remember</i>	21
<i>I saw a new world in my dream</i>	166
<i>I stood tip-toe upon a little hill</i>	81

Index of First Lines

283

PAGE

<i>I tell you a tale to-night</i>	175
<i>It fell in the year of Mutiny</i>	142
<i>It's a warm wind, the west wind</i>	239
<i>It's good to see the school we knew</i>	271
<i>It was eight bells ringing</i>	126
<i>I've been roaming ! I've been roaming !</i>	75
<i>I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—</i>	206
<i>I wander'd lonely as a cloud</i>	91
<i>I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree</i>	133
<i>Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King</i>	137
<i>Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee</i>	150
<i>Little lamb, who made thee ?</i>	34
<i>Little trotty wagtail, he went in the rain</i>	29
<i>Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale</i>	117
<i>Look ! look ! the Spring is come</i>	80
<i>Lord, Thou hast given me a cell</i>	158
<i>Man is his own star</i>	228
<i>Merrily winds the hunter's horn</i>	72
<i>My fairest child, I have no song to give you</i>	56
<i>My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains</i>	215
<i>My heart leaps up when I behold</i>	97
<i>My heart's in the Highlands</i>	157
<i>My mother bore me in the southern wild</i>	44
<i>O blessed Letters, that combine in one</i>	227
<i>O Brignall banks are wild and fair</i>	100
<i>O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done</i>	223
<i>O gift of God ! O perfect day</i>	194
<i>O God ! methinks it were a happy life</i>	236
<i>Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green</i>	84
<i>Oh, England is a pleasant place</i>	173
<i>Oh say, what is that thing call'd Light</i>	51
<i>Oh ! what pleasant visions haunt me</i>	130
<i>Oh, who is so merry, heigh ho !</i>	66
<i>Old Meg she was a gipsy</i>	42
<i>On the green banks of Shannon</i>	160

	PAGE
<i>O talk not to me of a name great in story</i>	227
<i>O the French are on the sea</i>	187
<i>Others abide our question</i>	222
<i>" O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms ? "</i>	115
<i>O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being</i>	249
<i>Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day !</i>	28
<i>Pibroch of Donuil Dhu</i>	153
<i>Piping down the valleys wild</i>	40
<i>Plump little baby clouds</i>	74
<i>Quinquireme of Nineveh</i>	243
<i>Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous</i>	256
<i>Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky</i>	269
<i>Sauntering hither on listless wings</i>	98
<i>Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness</i>	241
<i>Sherwood in the twilight</i>	111
<i>Simon Danz has come home again</i>	23
<i>Sing me a song of a lad that is gone</i>	131
<i>Sleep, sleep, on Mother's breast</i>	53
<i>So here hath been dawning</i>	79
<i>Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er</i>	231
<i>Some cry up Gunnersbury</i>	191
<i>Spring, the sweet spring</i>	60
<i>Strong Son of God, immortal Love</i>	266
<i>Sweet and low, sweet and low</i>	54
<i>The ceaseless rain is falling fast</i>	26
<i>The cock is crowing</i>	58
<i>The curfew tolls the knell of parting day</i>	259
<i>The evening is coming</i>	75
<i>The fair breeze blew</i>	245
<i>The little Dormouse is tawny red</i>	63
<i>The little toy dog is covered with dust</i>	50
<i>The more we live, more brief appear</i>	167
<i>Then the little Hiawatha</i>	85
<i>The poetry of earth is never dead</i>	98
<i>There are twelve months throughout the year</i>	62

Index of First Lines

285

PAGE

<i>There is not in this world a valley so sweet</i>	152
<i>There lived a sage in days of yore</i>	34
<i>There was a lady lived in a hall</i>	102
<i>There was a man was half a clown</i>	36
<i>The splendour falls on castle walls</i>	93
<i>The sun is down, the day gone by</i>	57
<i>The white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull</i>	31
<i>The wind has such a rainy sound</i>	65
<i>The year's at the Spring</i>	59
<i>Tiger, tiger, burning bright</i>	32
<i>Trample ! trample ! went the roan</i>	123
<i>True wit is like the brilliant stone</i>	226
<i>'Twas just when harvest-tide was gone</i>	104
<i>Up ! Up ! let us a voyage take</i>	17
<i>Waken, lords and ladies gay</i>	141
<i>We are they who come faster than fate</i>	247
<i>Welcome, wild north-easter</i>	198
<i>We were nursed upon the self-same hill</i>	204
<i>What is pink ? a rose is pink</i>	68
<i>What is this life, if, full of care</i>	73
<i>What of the bow ?</i>	185
<i>What was he doing the great god Pan</i>	82
<i>When cats run home and light is come</i>	31
<i>When I am living in the Midlands</i>	146
<i>When I consider how my life is spent</i>	258
<i>When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year</i>	254
<i>When men were all asleep the snow came tumbling down</i>	207
<i>When the voices of children are heard in the green</i>	46
<i>Where lonesome woodlands close surrounding</i>	162
<i>While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray</i>	155
<i>Winter is cold-hearted</i>	61
<i>With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children</i>	233
<i>With what a glory comes and goes the year !</i>	196
<i>Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon</i>	132
<i>" You are old, Father William "</i>	183

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